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POEMS.



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POEMS,
TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,
AND
ORIGINAL.

BY
ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER.



London:
S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCCLXXII.

280. n. 425.

NOTICE.

THE Poems and Translations in this Volume are mostly printed for the first time, but a few have been inserted in Magazines, and some are in "The Poems by Three Sisters." (Moxon.) The Translations are all, with scarcely an exception, in the original metres, and are as nearly as possible word for word.



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POEMS,
TRANSLATED AND ORIGINAL.

Translated.

WHEN THOUGHT WOKE.

BY H. M. CARL, KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

AGAIN mine eyes behold the dales,
Where bygone hours of childish glee
Were passed, and memory's hallowed vales
Again in lingering thought I see :
The winds blow cool, the fountains spring,
Fair is the sky, the birds sing gay,
And like a swan my fancy's wing
Bears me in spirit far away.

The glorious beaming sun I see,
The dew upon the flowers glowing,
And Nature's wondrous speech to me
A mighty Spirit's image showing ;
Lo ! life itself in dust is framed,
A new world formed so fresh and sweet,
And all together wisely named,
Beauty and harmony complete.

I see all these and many more
Wonders, my soul sought not to know
My end, I never thought before
Either the first or last to show :
Forgot the cradle, saw no grave,
But then, as others laughed and wept,
The wanderer's staff I took, and brave
Anew upon my pathway stept.

But when my heart's foreboding woke
And turned Creation's speech aside,
A void was there ! the love which spoke
Comfort, and inner light supplied,
Was gone ; gone too the fountain bright
In which a child's faith might be shown ;
Now learnt I that this love and light
Came down from the Almighty's throne.

I thank Him for each look of love
Vouchsafed; pure, fresh, and warm it flows;
He sends life, feeling, from above,
The hope which in my bosom glows.
Of happy homes in Eden given,
Where sins no more my soul disgrace.
Fly, fly, my Thought! to highest heaven,
With God thou hast thy dwelling-place.

THE HEART'S HOME.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE is thy home ? I ask my throbbing heart
Which from my earliest hour within my breast
Has in all joy and sorrow taken part,—

Where is thy rightful home ? where is thy rest ?
Say, is it here ? This world is full of pleasure,
And Nature's gifts are strewn with ample measure ;
And then my heart made answer—"No!"

Where is thy home ? Is it where wild storms rage
And fast the streams flow from the rock's embrace ?

Where the bold hunter's joy is to engage
In all the stirring pleasures of the chase ?
Or is it where war's heavy thunder crashes,
Where bullets fly, and keen the sword-stroke
flashes ?

Calmly my heart made answer—"No!"

Where is thy home? Perchance a Southern clime
Allures thee with its purple-tinted sky,
Beneath the tropic sun to pass thy time,
Idly among the roses sweet to lie?
Is that thy home, where lofty palms are bending
And the green summer-time seems never ending?
But yet again the heart said—"No!"

Where is thy home? seek'st thou it where the
snow
For ever lies upon the mountain's height,
Where all the summer through, the sunset's glow
Is merged into the morning's sunrise bright?
Where through the pinewoods go the glad beams
glancing,
Or where at night the Northern Lights are dancing?
But still my heart made answer—"No!"

Where is thy home? Is it with her whose love
Is thine for ever, and whose heart beats true?
Where hope dies out within life's sunny grove
When you forsake her, or she leaveth you?
Is this the home whereof thou still art thinking
This cup of happiness for ever drinking?
The heart with sorrow answered—"No!"

Where is thy home ? Oh say now if it be
In that pure blessed land beyond the skies,
Where men believe their souls return, set free,
When death has loosened all our earthly ties ?
Is that thy home,—that unknown place, where
nightly
The glittering starry hosts are blazing brightly ?
And then my heart made answer—" Yes !"

"There is my home," it softly made reply,
"The home from whence I came, whither
return,
And though with earthly fetters bound I lie,
A heavenly flame within shall ever burn,
E'en though it be a tiny spark, undying,
My steps to guide, until, to God's courts flying,
I go,—for with Him is my—' Home !'"

THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

BY THE SAME.

No sun, with golden beams on high,
Shows from above the blue-arched sky;
The sunset redness fades away,
The stars come forth, so coy and clear;
The lake-waves ripple without sound,
A solemn stillness reigns around;
The noisy brook is hushed, for day
Has ended, and the night draws near.

Hark! does old Nycken on his reeds
Make music? No, 'tis in the meads,
From the high oak-trees sounding,
Where nightingales all hidden lie,
And, while the clear tone sweetly rings,
Forth from the wood, on airy wings,
Light, graceful forms come bounding,
And fays and elves go trooping by.

O'er summer flowers and ferns they trip,
And then, with graceful bound and skip,
The dance begins upon the green :
No sound is by these revellers made,
The soft wind waves the feathery pine,
Beneath whose shade on moss recline
At ease the fairy King and Queen,
In jewelled robes and crowns arrayed.

With evening dew the grass is wet,
And from its glittering drops they get
A cup of nectar, pure and sweet ;
They drink,—the dance begins anew,—
Quicker the mazy chain they weave,
Then suddenly the plains they leave,
And, like the wind, so strong and fleet,
Back to the woods their flight pursue.

The pale stars in the sky decline,
Between the leaves the moonbeams shine,
While in their mossy dells and glades
In happy sport they pass the night,
Until the purple eastern ray
Heralds the coming of the day ;
Then, as with morn a vision fades,
The fairies vanish out of sight.

EVENING.

BY THE SAME.

ON the cheek the warm sun lingers
In the western shade,
And the wind with gentle fingers
Touches hill and glade :
All is silent, far and near,
Nought disturbs the quiet here,
Waves are creeping,
Flowers sleeping,
In this little green retreat.

Quiet evening ! vain regretting
For that hour again
Memory feels, while unforgetting
In the heart remain
Thoughts, which evermore shall live ;
And our throbbing pulses give,
With their beatings,
Thousand greetings
To this evening-tide so sweet.

WHO FINDS PEACE ?

BY THE SAME.

WHERE is Peace ? Say, who can find her,—
Dwells she with the glad and gay ?
Quick as time she leaves behind her
Wealth, and flies from pomp away.

Find we Peace when day is closing ?
When the silent moon we view,
And her image is reposing
On the calm lake's waters blue ?

No ; at night, dreams without number
Cause us grief and pain and strife,
And we go again in slumber
Over all the woes of life.

Peace alone we find, wherever
Constant hearts with hearts unite,
Peace dwells there, where nought can sever
Faithful friends who love aright !

THE TROUBADOUR.

BY THE SAME.

He sings of love ! and all the air surrounding
Is full of gentle tones and happy words,
And as his heart on that sweet lute resounding
Pours tuneful wishes from its silver chords,
Upon his cheek the evening light is glowing,
And in his eye peace and contentment beam
Like summer lake, whose waves are calmly flowing
When winds are hushed, and waters brightly
gleam.

He sings of love ! and busy thoughts come rushing,
And to his mind spread out their gorgeous view,
Though now to earth he looks, his brow is flushing,
The world to him is clothed in rosy hue ;
Now memory wakes, and visions bright are stealing
Out from their secret chambers of repose,
While all his bosom throbs with deepest feeling,
One only love this constant lover knows.

He sings of love ! and faithful he will never
In life or death her loveliness forget ;
Oft on the sand her name he writes, and ever
Each hill and dale re-echoes his regret ;
But sand-inscriptions fade, and sound is fleeting,
Soon and for ever, this world shall he leave,
And go to where his love, with silent greeting,
Upon his brow th' immortal crown shall weave.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY H. R. H. THE PRINCESS EUGENIA OF SWEDEN.

BEAUTEOUS evening ! when all nature
Covers with a misty veil
Every verdant laughing feature,
And no storm is in the dale ;
Then to their Creator's praise
Woods and hills their voices raise,—
The Lord Himself is ever near,—
O heart ! forget thy grief and fear,
Though perfect peace is not found here.

See the day is quickly flying,
And the weary soul, opprest
With the strife, is longing, sighing
For a sheltered place of rest ;
Yet finds it not, while here she lives ;
'Tis God alone contentment gives ;
O heart ! be patient, upward soar
Where thou may'st dwell, when life is o'er,
With God in peace for evermore.

Thanks, O Lord ! for every hour
Given to us of joy to-day,
Through cloud and sunshine by Thy power
Safely kept upon our way ;
And, when the hour of death is come,
That calls the faithful to their home,
Then, when redeemed, our troubles cease,
And from all grief we have release,
Oh ! *then* we shall have perfect peace !

THE BALTIC.

BY H. R. H. PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

THOU dark-blue sea which for centuries past
Hast laved Scandinavia's shore,
Each spring-tide breaking the ice-fetters fast
Which bound thee,—now free as before,
To thee I dedicate this my song
When the waves beat on the rocks.

How cool and pleasant it is to stand
When soft spring-breezes blow,
And rippling billows play on the sand
Rich-hued in the sunlight's glow:
See! the glistening foam is bright
When the waves beat on the rocks.

But lo! the hurricane comes in his might,
And the sea-nymph's cheek is pale;
In a thousand pieces with rare delight
He tears my flapping sail!
Yet my heart beats proudly as on I steer
Mid the waves which roar on the rocks.

It sounds like a clanging of steel true and tried,
This changing magnificent tone,
A thing of life rushing o'er waters wide
Its mighty voice to make known ;
And the winds sing together, now soft and now strong,
When the waves beat on the rocks.

Oh ! hard is the sailor's life, and dark
The winds which storm and rave,
But calm he stands in his fragile bark
On the edge of a deep blue grave ;
And his way amid hidden perils steers
When the waves beat on the rocks.

He wrestles with furious wind and rain,
Heat, mist, are over him spread ;
And hope has failed him again and again
In midnight's hour of dread ;
When no witness was there of the deadly strife
But beating waves on the rocks.

Yet with his whole being he loves the sea,
No danger makes him quail,
He thinks of the billows, so foaming and free,
At home in his quiet dale ;

What strange fascination there is to all,
In the waves which beat on the rocks.

With heart inspired, my voice shall sound
And praise these billows grand,
Which of ancient time have cradled round
Our bold Scandinavian land ;
While thousand tales of old the waves
Ring out from among the rocks.

Thou wild tumultuous billowy grave,
Yet beautiful glittering sea,
Tell me of strifes with the bold and brave,
And teach this song to me ;
I listen enchanted to tales like thine,
When the waves beat on the rocks.

But should'st thou see peril near our land
Or an enemy's fleet behold,
Then sound the alarum upon the strand,
“ To arms both young and old ! ”
And not in vain shall thy voice be heard
When the waves beat on the rocks.

For those who dwell in most Northern dales,
Who trust in God and the right,
Shall throng to the shores from their peaceful
vales,
And for their country fight ;
The foe who defies us shall find his grave
In the waves which beat on the rocks.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY THE SAME.

HAIL ! Summer evening, calm and still,
When every palace, cot, and hill
 Is bathed in rosy light ;
Hail to thee, holy Sabbath ! peace,
Which, when the day's wild turmoils cease,
 Comes with the hush of night.

And now beyond the pine-edged Sound,
While all is quietness around,
 The setting sun dips slow :
The light dies out on sea and land,
Where rippling billows kiss the strand,
 Leaving no track below.

Yet for awhile this Western sky
The purple streamers richly dye,
 And cast their beams afar ;
Then twinkling from a fleecy cloud,
And stealing forth as from a shroud,
 Looks out the evening-star.

O could I understand thy speech,
My star! and learn what thou dost teach,
 It now should be my theme :
My lyre I strike, but all in vain
I send thoughts following in the train
 Of thy refulgent beam.

It is so far away to thee,
Thy wandering path is dim to me,
 When first thou dost appear ;
But as night deepens o'er the land
Nearer to me thou seem'st to stand,
 Glimmering full and clear.

Then from thy twinkling beam hope springs,
And whispers, " Leave these questionings,
 Thou shalt know all one day ;
Thine eyes are closed, yet not so mine,
All the night through so true I shine
 Not long seems time or way ! "

Why should I not then watch thee, though
None of my heart's best tones can flow
 From golden strings to thee ?
Yet once again, my star, I'll sing,
Enchanted thus with listening
 To what thou tellest me.

THE ICE JOURNEY.

FROM TEGNER'S "FRITHIOF SAGA."

KING Ring with his Queen a journey would take,
When clear as glass was the ice on the lake :

"Try not the ice," the stranger said,
"If broken, too deep is that cold bed."

"A King to be drowned?" said Ring, "not so!
Let him who is fearful round the lake go."

The stranger looked dark, as, with eager haste,
The steel skates on to his feet he braced.

The sledge-horse started, with joy and pride,—
He snorts out flame from his nostrils wide ;

"Speed on," cried the King, "my good steed,
show
If thou art of Sleipner's* blood, or no!"

* Odin's celebrated horse.

And away like a storm o'er the lake they fly,
Ring never heeding his poor Queen's cry ;—

But faster than they, that champion fleet
Is travelling on with his steel-shod feet,—

Strange runes he traces, as on he slides,
Fair Ingeborg over her own name glides !

So onward they go on the icy way,
But underneath them the false Ran* lay ;

She thrust a hole in her silver roof,
And the water froze o'er the horse's hoof !

Fair Ingeborg's cheek grew pale with dread,—
As a rushing whirlwind the stranger sped,—

He struck his skate in the ice with speed,
And clutched at the mane of the gallant steed ;

Then, lightly wheeling, turned him about,
And horse and sledge from the ice dragged out !

“ This day will I prize,” the King said, “ long ;
Thou hast done it as bravely as Frithiof the
Strong.”

* The Swedish watersprite.

TO POETRY.

BY STANISLAS WREDE, BARONESS BARNEKOW.

O POETRY ! why droop thy head and mourn,
Art thou indeed forgotten and forlorn ?
Thy heavenly voice, once full of joy, now fled,
And dumb thy song as if thy soul were dead ?
No, no ! 'tis only that this busy life,—
Full of self-interest, paltry claims and strife,—
Veils all the pleasure of thy cheering smile
And makes thee seem unheeded for awhile.
Yet, long as in the woods the nightingale
Sings, and the dove coos softly down the vale,
Long as the evening sun lights up the glade
And the sweet flowers blossom in the shade,
And nature speaks to the inquiring heart,
Shall Poetry sweet quickening grace impart.

So long as hallowed love to us is dear,
And friendship's flame is felt and cherished here,
Whose tender light, fed by a faithful hand,
Warms and enlightens all this wintry land,—

So long as truth aspiring finds on earth
(Where men deny her persecuted worth,
And Vice reigns revelling till his folly cease),
No home, no pleasure, no repose, no peace,—
So long as sense and feeling's torrent rolls
Out from the secret chambers of men's souls,—
That noble voice must evermore resound,
Preaching salvation, love, content, around !
Yes ! long as in man's breast we find a heart,
Shall Poetry sweet quickening grace impart.

THE GIFT OF SONG.

BY THE SAME.

How happy they whom God has taught
To sing the soul's deep dream of thought !
Who from the dreary autumn-day
Can draw out comfort on the way !
Regret is soothed, and sorrows flee
At sound of that sweet melody ;
Each bitter grief is hush'd, when floats
Soft music like Eolian notes.

As through the room it gently steals,
Pleasure and hope each bosom feels ;
Deceit can here no longer stay,
Distrust and falsehood flee away ;
And purest truth, and truth alone,
Remains to hear the heavenly tone,
Which, like the sunshine clear and bright,
Shall cheer the soul with fresh delight.

I MUST SING.

BY THE SAME.

I SING out my song, like the birds in the wood,
With them all in their joy taking part;
For flowers, for beauty, for everything good,
Pouring out the deep thanks of my heart.

Yes, yes, I must sing, though dangers may lower,
Bringing trouble and sorrow and strife,
For singing alone has a true blessed power
And can cure all the ills of my life.

I care not for honour, I care for no praise,
But again and again I must sing,
Till swiftly and merrily pass all my days,
Full of song, as of flowers the spring.

I sang in my cradle, or in childish play,
When the morn shed its first rosy light ;
And still in old age I can carol a lay,
That puts my life's troubles to flight.

No, the heart may grow old, but it never forgets
The bright tones of its youth fresh and strong ;
And list'ning to them, I can feel no regrets
But sing sweet as the swan my death-song.

DESPISE NOBODY.

BY THE SAME.

A LITTLE lady, finely drest, one day
From her "Bonne's" side so gaily slipped away ;
She felt so happy, filled with childish glee,
Away she went, with footsteps light and free ;
Till, deep down in the forest's shade, she met
A ragged child—one of the tattered set
She oft had heard the servants sending back,
"Get out from our great gates, you beggar pack !"
His hands were filled with flowerets—she forgot
He was a stranger-beggar ; of the lot
She begged one, and he, much denied before,
Looked at the blossoms—they were all his store ;
But at the little maiden's next request,
Quickly and joyfully he gave his best.

And on together, through the woods, with joy
Wandered the little lady and the boy.
(O freedom ! dear to every one thou art,—
No earthly splendour has in thee a part.)

They chase the butterfly, they find new flowers,
Roaming o'er hill and dale, through sunny hours,
And now they spring o'er streamlets in the glen,
And endless questions ask each other then.

“Why is your coat so ragged, thin, and bare?
Can you not get some better clothes to wear?”

“Why do you live in such a splendid hall
While mother's cottage is so very small?
Perhaps you are an angel? sister mine
Sings of the angels beautiful and fine.”

“No! angels must have wings; but sometimes I
Think I shall one day too have wings and fly:
Then when I am an angel you shall be
With me,—and then my ‘Bonne’ I will not see,
And you shall have a towered castle there.”

“And you shall have a long-horned stag,—see where
He springs; and look—look! there are others now
Hiding away beneath the leafy bough;
Come, let us seek them.” So in pleasant talk,
The little ones went on their happy walk,
Till the swan came and laid her down to rest,
And till the blackbird sought her hidden nest,
The flowerets closed their eyes, and all was still,
In every dale and valley, glen and hill.

Then the sun sank; yet on and on they went,
Free from all care, and full of sweet content;
And dark and dim became that forest land.
“Oh, look at these long shadows! take my hand.
What have you in your bag? do let me see;
Ah, can you not spare one small cake to me?”
He laughed, then took his bag the little lad,
And gave for answer of the best he had;
Upon a stone his store he quickly spread,
And the rich girl ate of the poor boy's bread.
“Take what you will,” he said, “I pray you eat,—
To you belongs half of this bread so sweet.”
And, hungry with her walk, the little maid
Gladly the beggar-boy's request obeyed.

“Ah! if I had a little water too!”
She murmured. Said the boy, “I'll bring it you;
It springs here fresh and good.” Quickly a cup
Out of birch bark he made; filling it up
With water cool, to his new friend in haste
He gave the draught, far better to her taste
Than richest wine. And off again they set,
Walking until the ground with dew was wet.
“I am so tired,” said she. “Then you shall sleep;
Lie down, and I watch over you will keep;

Nought shall disturb you as you slumber here ;
Believe me, you have nothing now to fear."
"Where shall I sleep ? the moon shines clear and
bright,
And yet no bed you have for me to-night !"

His bag and tattered coat he took and made
Into a pillow ; then he gently laid
Down on the couch the weary curly head,
While soft as eider was the mossy bed ;
And then the boy, with accents clear and mild,
Said gently, "God protect and bless His child !"
The little maiden heard him with surprise,
Then quickly closed her weary drooping eyes ;
The long fringed lashes on the fair cheek lay,
And, tired with the wanderings of the day,
Secure and smilingly she slumbered there.
Yes, surely God had heard the poor boy's prayer ;
And he his watch so nobly, wisely kept,
Guarding his little friend while now she slept.

But to the rich man's eyes no slumber came
The whole night through ; he called for her by name—
His only child, his darling, loved so well,
Lost ! lost ! and at the thought his spirits fell.

And then the "Bonne," all trembling and in tears,
Quite terror-stricken with her inward fears,
With incoherent language urged on all
The crowd of servants ; they obeyed her call,
And through the night searched all the country round,
But all in vain ; the child could not be found.
The father then set out, with staff in hand,
Resolved to seek her over all the land ;
With anxious heart he took his dreary way
Through the dim woods, just at the dawn of day.

And now the east was flushed with rosy light,
And pleasant breezes stirred the green leaves
 bright,
Till in his splendour rose the king of day,
And from on high sent down his cheering ray.
Then hurriedly set out the faithful hound,
Rejoicing when the lost child's track he found ;
Back to his master he returned, and seemed
So glad, he almost human might be deemed :
He leaped upon him, as if he would say,
"I know where she is now ; do come away !"
And then the track the father followed too,
And soon a ragged boy came into view,
 ¹ against a stem, with stick in hand,
 ep sunk down in dream's mysterious land.

And by his side—oh ! then, what saw he there ?
His only child, his darling jewel fair !
Fresh as a rose she lay in happy dreams,
Her red lips kissed by the sun's golden beams,
Which peeped between the green leaves' dewy
folds,
And in her hands the blossoms still she holds.
Now sang the nightingale her trill of joy,
And hastily uprose the sleeping boy,
Looked at the slumbering child, and with a bound,
Stood by the side of that great noble hound.
He had been frightened at him oft before,
When turned back from the rich man's castle-
door ;
But now all fear has vanished, as he stands
Close to the dog, his beech twig in his hands.

All this the father saw ; filled with delight
He looked on charmed. Oh ! was it not a sight
Worthy a better world ? Then to his breast,
With tearful haste, his darling child he pressed ;
While she, affectionate and innocent,
Related how the past day she had spent,
And then, quite wearied out with childish joy,
Secure had slept protected by the boy.

And thou may'st guess how the proud father's
heart

Felt, and how each word pierced him like a dart.

The little pair he took in either hand,

Knowing that one of this scorned beggar-band

Must, after God, be thanked ; so back he went

Unto his house, a changed man, and content.

MY HOME !

BY THE SAME.

WHEREVER on earth, pain fierce and strong,
Changes to sorrow the joyful song,—
Where patient virtue suffers long,
There is my home !

Wherever a noble heart and hand
Rises for God and Fatherland,
And against error makes a stand,
There is my home !

Wherever the soul uprising springs,
With hope and joy on her buoyant wings,
To brighter light and better things,
There is my home !

Yes, wheresoever my heart shall see
The love I give given back to me,
With pure and holy sympathy,
There is my home !

And last when from each home below
My Father calleth, to Him I go,
Peaceful and glad, for *there* I know
Is my true home !

THY RIGHT PLACE.

BY THE SAME.

NATURE can teach thee much, but cannot tell
Why on this earth thou now art made to dwell.
Know, then, that each, in palace or in cot,
Fills *his right place*,—he has his work to do,
His daily toil or business to pursue
Unwearied ; rest or pleasure heeding not.
Yet hindrances we meet ; see genius strive
Against adversity, see deep thoughts rise
In minds which must with ignorant people live,
See noble women, gentle, kind, and wise,
Doing their duty faithfully always.
And are they honoured ? Yes ! in time to come,
When they shall enter their eternal home,
They shall receive their due reward and praise.

BOOKS.

BY THE SAME.

You, faithful friends in many a lonely hour,
Have cheered my soul and taught my inmost
mind :

O books ! in you what pleasure do I find !
What can compare with Thought's all potent
power ?

My dear companions in my silent home,
My remedy in sorrow's darkest day,
My shield when dangers hover round my way,—
I hear your voices wheresoe'er I roam,
And love them : and what joy it is to me
To clothe in living words, fresh from the heart,
The inner thoughts, and so to bear a part
In bringing courage, comfort, sympathy,
Hope, joy, or peace, by this most blessed art,
To those whom we on earth may never see !

SEED-CORN.

BY THE SAME.

O CHILD of man, how often wastest thou
Upon a rocky soil thy choicest seed,
In youth, thy fresh and warm young feelings
lead

Thee on, forgetting all thou sowest now
Will vanish as the air which fans thy brow!
Yet better so than if we take no heed,
But trample on life's path each word and deed;
For some will flourish and produce good grain,
Though thorns may suffocate and men may
laugh,

Yet there are fine rich ears amid the chaff,
And thy good deeds return to thee again.

Oh, take the Holy Bible for thy staff,
And let the precepts of each hallowed page
Support thy vigorous youth, thy feeble age.

FEMALE COURAGE.

BY THE SAME.

AND dost thou say that female courage fails ?
In error then no longer shalt thou go ;
Nobly does woman by example show
How even when man's courage faints and quails,
By poverty or trouble quite deprest,
New life and vigour fills her faithful breast,
And her weak hands labour by day and night
To make the heavy burden feel more light.
See how she works untiringly, and lo,
See how she calmly meets fate's crushing blow !
And as the sun's rays tint the clouds in space,
So tears and smiles are blended in her face ;
Thus, by her courage, patience, and by prayer,
She gains triumphantly a victory there.

THE HEART'S LYRE.

BY THE SAME.

OUR heart is as a stringèd lute,
Never to joy or sorrow mute ;
Oh ! happy he who has not heard
The chords of love with anger stirred :
The strings vibrate not as of yore ;
The same sounds come not as before ;
The whole world then seems cold and dead,
And the worn spirit droops its head :
But even then, when most alone
In life, can sympathy's clear tone
Speak truth and hope, and so impart
Joy to the weary trembling heart ;
And sorrow's deepest sigh may be
To God as sweetest harmony.

INDIFFERENCE.

BY THE SAME.

THERE is a state, alike to all mankind,
Wasting the strength and darkening all the
mind,—

Indifference, this wretched state we name,—
Man loses by it knowledge, wisdom, fame ;
And as the dust spreads over earthly things,
Or the thick fog shuts out the starry rings,
So more and more it quenches every light,
Until it ends in blackest, coldest night !
Thou who canst in thy heart this weed discern
See that thou pluck it by the root to burn ;
Once give Indifference entrance to thy mind,
Danger to truth and duty thou shalt find ;
Better with fiery ardour to contend,
Than with Indifference thy life to end.

THE NORTH'S WINTER SLEEP.

BY THE SAME.

OVER the North the snow has spread
A fine white veil on the slumbering land,
Already has Winter crowned his head
With many a frosty icy band.
See from the clear and azure height
The Sun looks down with a rosy light ;
In glory he shines, while to Nature's ear
He is speaking, in accents low and clear,—
“ Sleep, my beloved, forget thy pain—
Sleep till I waken thee up again ;
Till thy stiff cold limbs I gently press,
And give new life by my soft caress :
Then sleep in peace, my beauty, my bride,
To watch thy slumbers shall be my pride.”

THE EARTH.

BY THE SAME.

THOU noble mother-earth, well love I thee,
What joy and freedom hast thou given me !
Rich art thou : oh ! what warmth and strength
and light

Lies hidden silently away from sight,
Deep in thy bosom, which is overspread
With sweetest flowers ; and though here and
there

A thorn may wound amid the blossoms fair,
Yet should no anger in man's heart be fed—
Thou givest me from out thy bounteous store
All that I need for earthly wants ; and more
In thee, as in a book, I ever find,
If I will search,—food also for the mind :
And when at last I wearied fall asleep,
Thou for a little shalt my body keep.

HISTORY'S SENTENCE.

BY THE SAME.

METHINKS I Clio in the glass behold,—
No smile is on her lips, her look is cold:
Who would aspire to her stupendous height?
Soon bends his head with sorrow at the sight,—
For she must write the truth of good and bad.
Alas! poor Clio, how couldst thou be glad?
To the world's great ones, too, this grief you give,
That seldom as their promise do they live;
For History's unblemished page contains
Full many lines set down in hopeful strains:
But ah! the tempter, too, his plan makes up,
And fills with earthly dross his glittering cup;
And so men fall. O God! in pity look
On all we love, and write them in Thy book.

RETURN AGAIN.

BY THE SAME.

“Thus far—but no way further shalt thou go,”
Is the command to every Christian given,
And when hard pressed by evil thoughts below,
May we look up, and seek new strength from
Heaven.
Soon that command is broken, men begin
To find their pleasures in deceit and sin;
Tempted by promises, both false and vain,
The world’s applause is all they seek to gain:
But man’s good Angel stands with weeping
eyes,
And to the heart, “Return again,” he cries,
“Return again, be as a child once more,
See virtue waiting for thee as of yore.”
Happy is he who listens, ere the gate
Is shut, and going back will be too late!

PROTECTION.

BY THE SAME.

Should man God's gift of love despise ?
What He ordains, is it not wise ?
Should not man always cheerful go
And praises sing while here below ?
Whatever ills may us befall,
God can in mercy cure them all :
Then why should hate and envy find
Such ready place in every mind ?
Like wax let malice melt away,
And look, O man ! to Heaven and pray ;
Take courage, soon thy woes shall end,
Forget not God, thy loving friend :
He sees the trials of thy life,
And gives thee victory in the strife.

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM

BY THE SAME.

FREEDOM will I praise,
Life's best gift always,—
 Freedom thou art mine !
What if heavy bands
Fetter fast the hands,
 Can they too entwine
Thoughts ? No ! free and ligh
The Spirit takes its flight
To a better land,
Soon each earthly band
Breaks ! Who shall control
The pure enlightened soul ?
Which from dangers free
Lives through Eternity !

THE HUMAN HEART.

BY THE SAME.

OF all the admirable things of earth
Which the Creator placed here in our view ;
Of all the glorious wonders ever new,
Man has become the work of highest worth.
Who now will ponder for a time apart,
On that small world which bears the name of
heart ?

Now like the sea in summer, calm and mild
It slumbers : look, a sudden change, the wild
Fierce waves leap high ! and now with frantic ire
It burns and rages, full of hidden fire.
Now is " Allegro " burden of the song,
And now " Adagio " scarcely creeps along.
A tyrant's force will fail this world to move,
Yet it obeys a simple look of love !

INVISIBLE COMFORT.

BY THE SAME.

FRIEND, hast thou marked that just in trouble's
hour,
When most thou wantest counsel, help, and
love,
Unseen by thee, comes some mysterious power,
Filling thy breast with courage from above ?
Then, should the fevered hand thou holdest sadly,
Lie cold and stiff, look up and take no heed ;
All that the ears hear, or the eyes see, gladly
Bearing, strength will be given in thy need.
And though the soul from thee is ever hidden,
Yet some thread leading to her source on high
Soon thou shalt trace ; and thus by thee unbidden
Faith, hope, and love shall evermore be nigh !
Then comfort take, invisibly protected,
Joy in the thought, thy steps are all directed.

WOULD YOU BE HAPPY?

BY THE SAME.

LET each fleeting hour
In love and zeal be spent,
And to thy utmost power
Be faithful, diligent.
Strive not to pierce the gloom
In which thy future lies,
But seek beyond the tomb
That hope which never dies.
When in that hope secure
Thou passest to thy rest,
Fear not, for evermore
In God thou shalt be blest ;
Thus though thy life be quickly past,
Thy happiness will surely last.

BE STILL.

BY THE SAME.

WOMAN! sent to help the weak
Sad hearts here,
Be silent when thou canst not speak
Words that cheer;
But be bold when truth demands,
Bid strife cease,
Then men will listen, and thy hands
Shall bring peace.
Bearing witness onward go,
But forget not how
Every woman's brow
Goodness best adorns;
If this crown she scorns,
God shall judge her now.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

BY THE SAME.

Try not : thou canst not to his height attain,
Nor enviously drag him down to thee ;
Thy stratagems and toils are spun in vain,
And weak as spider's web thy net shall be.
He stands aloof from flattery and wrong,
He stands aloof from Censure's busy tongue ;
Firm, true, and noble is his purpose still,
Malice may strive, but cannot do him ill.
What is this strength ? whence comes this courage
 high,
Keeping him stedfast though his foe be nigh ?
Why stands he on his pedestal so strong,
Smiling at all the world's attempt to wrong ?
It is that love, so holy, good, and pure,
Fills him with peace, now and for evermore.

TO SILENCE.

BY THE SAME.

THOU hallowed silence ! nowhere do I find
Such sweet repose as when I come to thee
To ease my weary, over-burdened mind,
Thy voiceless speech is music unto me.
My inmost soul with highest pleasures thrills,
New strength for duty all my bosom fills ;
Here, free from Scandal's tongue and petty
 strife,
I listen for the tones of heavenly life :
A glad and glorious hymn I seem to hear,
The victor's crown and palm to me are near ;
And myriad voices of the angel-throng
Join in a never-ending joyful song,
And while the silver harps' clear notes resound,
" God our Salvation," echoes all around.

*FORWARD.**School-Boys' Journey Song.*

BY THE SAME.

FORWARD, my comrades ! in book and in play,
Fight against indolence every day ;
What though we dwell in a palace or cot,
God will protect us whatever our lot ;
Courage and gladness and life He can give ;
In love, not in wrath, strive ever to live.

Forward !

Forward, my comrades ! the world shall belong
To those who are fearless, to those who are strong ;
Diligent ever truth's lessons to learn,
To God, above all, with meek reverence turn ;
Then honour the King, and in readiness stand
To defend with thy life's blood thy dear native
land.

Forward !

Forward ! is ever the watchword of life ;
Forward ! it cheers us along through all strife ;
Forward ! in earnest as well as in play
Press on,—though the grape-shot drive thick on
thy way ;
Set duty before thee, then flowers shall bloom,
And strong in our faith we shall shout through
the gloom—

Forward !

CALMNESS.

BY THE SAME.

Be calm, my child, no peril will be given,
But God will guide thee safely on thy way;
In midnight's hour, see the stars in Heaven
Lighting the darkness with a cheering ray.

Be calm, my child, though black mists gather
round thee,
Hopefully looking for a brighter dawn,
Till piercing through the dense gloom that has
bound thee,
Lo the sun brings a fresh and brilliant morn.

Be calm, my child, though troubles may befall
thee,
Make peace a constant dweller in thy home,
And let not even death itself appal thee,
It is the way the Father bids thee come.

TRUE COURAGE.

BY THE SAME.

STORMS may rage upon this earth,
And words of hatred cloud the hearth,
But I have never trembled yet,
For in high God my trust is set !

Troubles frown on every side,
And snakes amid the roses hide,
But I have never trembled yet,
For in high God my trust is set !

Though many trials on my way
Have crushed me down, still I can say
That I have never trembled yet,
For in high God my trust is set !

But grief and joy are not for long,
Soon shall I sing my latest song,
For I have never trembled yet,
And in high God my trust is set !

TO A PHILANTHROPIST.

BY THE SAME.

Suggested by the supposed Genius of a Little Beggar-Boy.

IN tatters goes the little child,
Hunger and cold he feels,
But starlike shining, clear and mild,
His eye for aid appeals.

The proud ones pass him, but his need
They will not deign to see,
There, seeker, wake up! now, take heed,
A genius here may be!

This gift of God is free to all,
Not fixed to clime or spot,
But like a shooting-star may fall
On palace or on cot.

It may be hidden with distress,
And pining in despair ;
Oh ! thou whom light and riches bless,
Prove now thy love and care.

Stretch out thy hand, give help alway,—
Why shouldest thou have fear ?—
Of genius proud to be the stay
Though poor his lot be here.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY THE SAME.

How pleasant in verdant wild woodlands to rest,
Far, far, from all trouble and noise,
Here envy comes not, deceit fills not the breast
Which Nature's bright treasure enjoys.

The old beeches clad in their summer attire
Of velvet so soft and so green,
Speak to us of God, and as we admire
We say, "Oh ! what beauty is seen."

How pleasant to dream, by the breeze lulled to
sleep,
Of hearts full of peace and of love,
And then to awake by the brook's rushing leap
From its cool rocky fountain above.

How pleasant to hear the wind's musical sound
While happy thoughts fill us to-day,
Contentment to learn of the warblers around,
And bid sorrow fly far away.

Let men take in splendour and riches delight,
And seek praise and glory to gain,
But give me the woods—they are dear in my sight,
And worldly allurements are vain !

For nowhere such pure joy or pleasure I find
As when Nature's beauties I view,
For it seems that the fancies then filling my mind
Come straight from the heavens so blue.

SAW YOU MY FRIEND?

BY THE SAME.

SAY, little bird, who on fluttering wing,
From foreign lands comest to herald the spring,
Saw you my friend?
When will he return?

Tell me, O wind, that hast kissed my brow
And hurriest onwards—no rest for thee now,—
Saw you my friend?
When will he return?

Tell me, O star, from the firmament high,
Bending down on us a radiant eye!
Saw you my friend?
When will he return?

“Never!” bird, wind, and star, answer to me,
“But in thy heart’s deepest depth it may be,
That thy dear friend
Shall meet thee again!”

TO PHANTASY.

BY THE SAME.

FRIEND of my dreams, in this calm eventide
Stretch out thy hand ;
Through the grove softly, walk we side by side
To the sea-strand.

Look where the sun, in glorious splendour bright,
Sinks slowly down,
And the moon rises with her tender light
And her star-crown.

What joy it is to wander with thee here
In perfect peace !
I would these festal hours, to me so dear,
Might never cease.

Thou long ago, in childhood's happy hours,
Wast dear to me ;
And now through Autumn storms or summer
flowers,
Still dear shalt be.

Thou, holy truth, thou never canst be slighted
Or veiled from sight ;
E'en in the nun's poor heart, so sad and blighted,
Thou burnest bright.

Is it not sweet thyself beloved to find
By a true friend ?
And casting all thy life's cares to the wind,
Quiet hours spend ?

To us the stars send greeting from the sky,—
See how they shine !
They are God's angels, bending from on high
With looks benign.

I am thy love : and to thee will never,
While here I dwell,
Hide my joys or sorrows, but will ever
Them to thee tell.

In fancy's world, oh ! may we often meet
Happy and free !
Thus, O thou wisest, noblest, best, I greet
Lovingly thee !

LONGING.

BY THE SAME.

I LONG for *that* land where, fresh from the heart,
We speak soul to soul, and the spirit is glad,
Where, not as in earth's dark valleys apart
We live on alone, unthought of and sad.

There serpent-like Envy never is found,
Truth hides not her face, but is free evermore,
And there no malicious deceivings abound
To add by their stings to the throbbing heart
sore.

There true loving friends confidingly meet,
No more to be parted by night dark and long ;
There every commonest duty is sweet,
There all is light, love, and peace, joy, hope,
and song.

I long, oh ! I long, to fly thither away
From the strife and contention of this barren
land.

Courage ! victory comes, soon will it be day,
Soon shall I find peace on that joy-lighted
strand.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT is our life? A breath which soon will
perish;

What is our soul? Eternal light to cherish;
What is our time? Ah! trouble and pain prevail;
What is our hope? A joy which shall not fail.

The tear of sorrow falling from our eye
Is like joy's flower-dew dropping from on high;
When with false peace the world contented goes,
The Lord of all with sorrow sees our woes.

Oh! child of God, be quiet and content,
Whatever comes, is for thy welfare sent;
With patience bear the ills of fleeting time,
And gain eternal peace in realms sublime.

THE SOUL'S ALLIANCE.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN the summer sun laughs, when the northern
winds rave,

Then you, my good friends over sea, over land,
Remembering ever the friendship you gave,
In joy or in sorrow you give me your hand.

For often when wandering here all alone
Beside the deep sea, on the silvery sands,
A message comes flashing to me, whose soft tone,
Unheard by the world, my soul well under-
stands.

A duet it is (yet the world hears no sound,
And ears all unheeding in this have no part);
For when this life's pleasures or sorrows abound,
Then sympathy quickly speaks thus heart to
heart.

As a telegraph, running from pole unto pole,
Takes messages swiftly of joy or of woe,
So chords of deep mystery join soul to soul,
Invisible threads link them closely below.

Thus purest-toned harmony sweetly shall blend
With the joys and the cares of our daily life
here ;
From angel-harps, ever undying, descend
These gifts of God's love, to His people most
dear.

And though now such only as visitor comes,
How holy, how cheering is comfort like this !
And gladly one hour we greet in our homes
A herald of better and infinite bliss.

So sorrow not, friends, if in far distant lands,
Away from each other our lot is now cast,
For minutes and days quickly run out their sands,
Eternity comes,—then all partings are past.

LIFE'S WORDS.—FAREWELL.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT meaneth this autumn woodland sound,
When the night wind shrilly sigheth around ?
What doth the leaf to the leaf then tell
In million whispers ?—Farewell, farewell.

What saith the flower when night is nigh,
And clouds veil over the purple sky ?
Hath the north wind kissed her fragrant bell ?
O yes ! she crieth,—Farewell, farewell.

What singeth in twilight hour the stream,
While the moon down-poureth her silent beam ?
What doth one drop to another drop tell
As the brook floweth on ?—Farewell, farewell.

What roareth the sea, as with angry crest
The wild waves rise on her heaving breast ?
And foaming billows to billows swell,
Returning again ?—Farewell, farewell.

What throbbeth the heart, with heaviness crushed
As the wild storm over it madly rushed ?
What to the soul doth memory tell
In midnight's hour ?—Farewell, farewell.

FREDRIKA BREMER'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

BY THE SAME.

(It was one of Fredrika Bremer's last requests, "Dear Stanislas,
sing about my Spinning-Wheel.")

Ah, well !—good friends from far or near,
Who listened to Fredrika here,
Who her bright pure heart's glances caught,
And understood her inmost thought ;

For you this simple song I raise,
The noble Spinning-wheel to praise,—
That wheel which she so lately twirled,
And rang its sweetness through the world.

See with what swift and joyful tread,
For hours untired, she spins the thread,
Which through all time shall last, for lo
She works to bless the sons of woe.

For love, true love to all mankind,
Is with her life's-thread closely twined,—
In her pure maiden breast is found,
And comfort sheds on all around.

Much more than gold she values worth,
Where brightly glows her childhood's hearth,
She spins her rich life on with kind
Submissive, tender, grateful mind.

She comes back to her foster-land
With treasures from a foreign strand,
Gathering up where'er she roams
Dear gifts for Sweden's well-loved homes.

With voice prophetic now she claims
For woman's lot her higher aims,
Combining in one happy whole
Man's strength and woman's lucid soul.

From England's and Columbia's shore,
She spins sweet memories from her store;
Throughout all Europe drawing fine
The magic of her silken line.

From Swiss vales to the Norseman's land,
Free, happy, that sweet spinner's hand
Weaves her rare flax to where in peace
The Mid-Sea laves the Isles of Greece.

Athens, O Wisdom's mother thou,
That spinning-wheel hath touched thee now,—
Methinks I see Fredrika's look
When tracing thee in memory's book.

She dares the desert wilds to brave,
And the far ocean's dreaded wave,
And gives her kindly Christian aid
When plagues and strife the coast invade.

Now the flame burns with glorious light,
She spins her finest fancies bright,
Behold ! Jerusalem appears,
God's holy city now she nears.

And all her fears and doubts take flight
On the Mount Olives' sacred height !
Thus, all that flows through thought's bright
land,
Becomes silk thread in this soft hand.

But the wheel fails ! she speaks no more,
A spirit on the heavenly shore
She rests ! while we, with earnest eye,
Watch her bright threads 'twixt earth and sky.

AM I OLD?

BY THE SAME.

Am I then old ? Ah ! yes, the ciphers showing
My age are many, and youth's friends grown
gray ;
No more the roses on my cheek are glowing,
No more my pulses throb with youth alway.

The silver threads amid my locks are stealing,
And Memory taxed with cares of long ago
Gets shy of speaking out her thoughts, now
feeling
The tones may open former springs of woe.

Yet inexperience by the table sitting
Urges my tongue to loose his band and teach
Those words of truth to me so much more fitting
Than careless jest, or merely idle speech.

Injustice passes by me, but I care not ;
Tears fall not now as in the days gone by ;
In the desire for hidden things I share not,
No self-conceited folly's track I try.

But more than formerly I pluck fresh flowers
Which Love Almighty strews upon my way,
And sympathy falls in refreshing showers,
While echoes sweet allure my soul to-day.

Am I then old ? Yes ! no,—though Time fast
flying
Takes from me all the joys which once he gave,
I gladly keep within me, all undying,
That youthful life which lasts beyond the grave ;

For love, and hope, and truth, and friendship
never
Perish, but shall as long as life remain ;
And youth eternal dwelleth with those ever
Who at God's holy will do not complain.

*"HOW DO YOU DO?"**To a Child of the World.*

BY THE SAME.

"How do you do?" is this life's common query
Where cheeks with worldly joys are pale;
Those thoughtless joys which make so weary,
But before heavenly bliss must quail.

The worldly child, false roses adorning,
Her pale cheek answereth, "All is well:"
With laughing looks solicitude scorning,
Yet can we dross for pure gold sell?

Thou poor sick child, thou canst not deceive me
When wisely I ask of thee, "How do you do?"
There is no charm in deceit, believe me,
And what is thy need I will tell thee true.

Thy need is truth far above all other;
Thy need eyes, ears, thy danger to flee;
Thy need is love to God and thy brother,
Thy need is thy innermost self to see.

Thou rushest forward in giddiness gaily,
Yet never dreamest what is true joy :
Thou canst not govern thy own will daily,
And should earth *all* thy thoughts employ ?

The more from this wretched well thou drinkest
The more will thirst be all thine own ;
The more on worldly joy thou thinkest
The less true joy to thee is known.

So “ how do you do ? ” will you not be healèd ?
A great and a good Physician I sing,
From certain death unto new life sealèd
Through secret means He will thee bring.

O hasten ! His arms are held out to bless thee,
Health-giving medicine He doth impart ;
No more shall the world’s giddy shouting distress
thee,
Peace and eternal bliss visit thy heart.

Rest in His sheltering care but one hour,
Take from His eyes only one glance of love ;
And the world over thee then has no power,
If for salvation thou lookest above.

NATURE AND ART.

BY THE SAME.

Poor friend, who nature lovest not,
Deaf art thou to her sweetest voice :
Never is happiness thy lot,
Thou canst not in its light rejoice.

The halls of art are thy delight,
Flattery charms thee with her song ;
Beware lest afterwards the night
Cometh upon thee cold and long.

The artist breathes his very mind
Into a statue grand and fair ;
Yet search the world, thou canst not find
One work with nature to compare.

Go pluck the very smallest flower,
Hast thou the skill to make the same ?
See myriad stars at midnight's hour,
And couldst thou kindle *one* such flame ?

Splendour and pomp may charming be
To many a cold and worldly breast ;
But what is all this art to me,
Compared with nature's peace and rest ?

Well, then, to thee I show the way,
Yea to the noblest things of earth ;
Wearied with pleasure's toilsome day
Come, see what is of better worth.

God's image we in nature view
If we will open eyes and heart :
But a mere shadow of the true
Is the most gorgeous work of art.

A SPRING DAY'S SNOW.

An improvised May-song, 1871.

BY THE SAME.

ARE we glad now that Spring with its verdure is
here?

No; winds sigh so cold, and the days are so
drear;

It snows, oh! it snows on the flowerets pale,
While heaven is hid with a veil.

So present-time joy is with ice-showers quenched,
And often its flight is with tearfulness drenched;
It sighs, ah! it sighs over land, over wave;
Alas! shall love find here a grave?

Be patient, thou poor one; whose spring-joy the
snow

Hides from thee; be patient, it dies not! for lo,
It brightens, it brightens in heaven's blue sky,
And soon shall these earthly mists fly.

A LITTLE EVENING SONG.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE I would travel well I know,
If, leaving this world's cares below,
I now could mount the clouds and fly
Swiftly across the golden sky
This evening.

The wind should bear me on its wings
Far, far above all earthly things ;
With joy and haste I'd spread my sail,
And glide o'er forest, sea, and dale
This evening.

Well, wherefore shall I not thus roam
With cloud and wind ? My heart's loved home
Is here ; no other rest I find
So sweet and welcome to my mind
This evening.

A WINTER STORM.

BY THE SAME.

How he rushes
Through the bushes,
The Storm King :

Dancing, striving,
Wildly driving
Everything.

North winds calling,
Howling, bawling,
Bring the snow.

Hail may clatter !
But no matter
Out I go,

Courage taking,
Though the lake in
Wild waves flow.

L'ENVOI.

BY THE SAME.

AH ! so pleasant to go singing,
Joy to young and old folks bringing ;
Dealing out, with liberal hand,
Roses from a sunny land ;
Pouring balsam for each smart
Into man's impassioned heart :
Courage, hope, and strength to give,
Bid the soul revive and live :
Ah ! how pleasant are these flowers,
Gathered in my happy hours,
For the friends to me so dear :
I strike my lyre, while waiting here ;
May we some day meet above,
In the realm of peace and love.



ORIGINAL POEMS.

ORIGINAL POEMS.



HEROES.

Not only on the battle-field
Do men their laurels win,
It needs not that with sword or shield
They seek war's horrid din ;
For in more peaceful scenes of life
Are many chances found,
And victories with honour rife
On every side abound.

My heroes are a motley band—
Man, woman, child are there ;
All who with open brow and hand
Are quick to do or dare ;
Some of their gallant deeds were done
In sight of earth and sky,
And some are only known to One
Who sees when none are nigh.

At dead of night with awe is heard
 "Fire!" that dreadful cry,—
"All safe?"—No, soon goes forth the word
 That some are left to die!
Not so; for though the flames are fierce,
 Into that burning grave
Strong men will strive their way to pierce,
 Their fellow men to save.

And when the storm-wind strongly blew,
 And ships were wildly tost,
How manfully the life-boat crew
 Went out to seek the lost:
No thought had they of doubt or fear,
 They came when duty called,
Ready with steady hand to steer
 Through dangers, unappalled!

The miner toiling in the pit
 May claim his share of praise,
For when the deadly gas was lit
 And all the mine ablaze,
Nobly forgetful of his fate
 He sent the younger home,
Then calmly sat him down to wait
 That death he knew would come!

And women, too, in danger's hour
Have nobly borne a part ;
Ah ! who can tell the might and power
Hid in the human heart,
Which, when the time for action nears,
Makes even children brave,
And weak ones cast aside their fears
If they a life can save.

The nurse who calmly takes her stand
Beside the sick man's bed,
With soothing voice and skilful hand
To ease the aching head,
Unthinking of herself always,
Or of the danger run,
Deserves as rich a meed of praise
As ever hero won !

Yet many deeds of noblest worth
Are here unknown to fame ;
Their doers seek not praise of earth
Nor strive to make a name ;
But many a mother, husband, wife,
Who noble acts have shown,
Contented live their daily life
Unthought of and unknown.

OVER THE MEADOWS.

OVER the meadows, at early morn,
Cheerily sounded the bugle-horn,
For noble gallants and ladies fair
And hawk and hound are gather'd there,
With jest and laugh and ringing cheer
To start from their covert the hern and the deer.

Over the meadows, when tidings came
Of cruel invaders, and cities aflame,
The good Knight rode with his trusty band
Eager to fight for their Fatherland
And his lovely bride, in the Castle-keep,
Was left with her maidens, to pray and to weep.

Over the meadows, as months went by,
She gazed with a wistful, longing eye,

And oft her cheek grew pale with fright,
Fearing the death of her own true Knight;
And every hour in every day
She thought of him who was far away.

Over the meadows, as day was done—
His armour glowed in the setting sun—
Back from the war the good Knight came,
His honour untarnished, unsullied his fame,
But dearer to him than all beside
Was the loving look of his fair young bride.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

A MAIDEN wandered all alone
In the moonlight,
While to the winds she made her moan
In the moonlight :
“ My love, and art thou dead,” she cried ;
“ Ah ! would to Heaven I too had died,
And now were lying by thy side
In the moonlight.”

A Knight came riding up the glade
In the moonlight,
And there beneath the hawthorn's shade,
In the moonlight,
He saw the one he loved so well,
Whose voice, more dear than tongue could tell,
Like music on his rapt ear fell
In the moonlight.

She started ! turned, and would have fled
In the moonlight,

For there he stood she mourned as dead

In the moonlight :

Is it a dream ? With wild surprise

Her senses reel, she shuts her eyes,

And weak upon his breast she lies

In the moonlight.

* * * * *

It was no dream,—alive he came

In the moonlight

Back from the wars, with unstained name,

In the moonlight :

Soon gladly, joyfully she knew

How constant was her Knight, and true,

Whom cruel Rumour falsely slew

In the moonlight.

And thus he claimed her as his bride

In the moonlight ;

And as they went home, side by side,

In the moonlight,

How changed seemed everything below

Since first she cried out in her woe,

Only one little hour ago,

In the moonlight.

SPRING-TIDE.

WINTER has departed,
And again has Spring
Into new life started
Every living thing.

Now are swallows building
Underneath the eaves ;
Now the sun is gilding
All the young green leaves.

Foremost of Spring-flowers
Comes the primrose pale,
Herald of bright hours
In the happy vale ;

Where each child rejoices
Every bud to see ;
Hark ! how ring their voices
Under every tree.

Now, aroused from slumber
By the sunny spring,
Insects without number
Flutter on the wing.

Bees with busy humming
Gather their sweet store,
Laden ants are coming
From the threshing-floor.

And the lark, up-springing
From her lowly bed,
Is a carol singing
Higher over head.

BABY-FINGERS.

BABY-fingers gently prest
On the mother's loving breast,—
Can we, in this earth below,
Sweeter, happier picture show ?

Baby-fingers,—who can tell
The mighty magic of their spell ?
Healing discord's bitter strife,
And giving new delight in life.

Baby-fingers have the power
To soothe and cheer the lonely hour ;
Baby-fingers bring relief
When the heart is filled with grief.

Mother ! early teach thy child
To be gentle, holy, mild ;
Baby-fingers fold in prayer,
And train them well with tender care.

Baby-fingers—what strong arm
But would shield them from all harm ?
What man would not freely give
Life to let his darling live ?

Yet sometimes the Lord of all
Will those baby-fingers call,
In His wisdom and His might,
To do His work in realms of light.

Baby-fingers, mother, see !
Still they beckon unto thee ;
Drawing thee, with cords of love,
To fix thy hopes on things above.

Baby-fingers thus may guide
Thee to thy Redeemer's side,
And their mission be well done,
Though so soon the goal was won.

*TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HER
CHILD.*

ANOTHER life is added to thine own—

A little child to cherish and to love ;
Again, immortal seed on earth is sown,
To ripen in the blessed world above.

O, mother, watch with care this tender flower,
Regard her as a treasure lent to you ;
And teach her, day by day and hour by hour,
All that is noble, holy, good and true.

So may she grow in stature and in grace,
Live loving and beloved by every one,
Until she sees her Heavenly Father's face,
And hears Him say to her, "My child, well
done."

THE TWO LANDINGS AT EBBSFLEET.

FIRST, A.D. 450.

THE autumn-day was closing fast,
The waves were rising high,
The sun a lurid redness cast
On sea and land and sky ;
The screaming sea-birds flew in haste
To gain their rocky home,
And all the wild and watery waste
Was flecked with snowy foam.

And see, as night falls on the land,
The watch-fire's flames arise,
Showing that there the Britons stand,
To hail as close allies
Fierce strangers, who from Jutland's shore
Sail on in vessels three,
Eager for coasts unknown before,
Across the billowy sea.

And now at length each crested keel
Drives hard upon the ground,
And loud and fierce the clang of steel
Rises from all around,
As gathered 'neath the raven black,
They clamour for the fight,
And the wild tempest echoes back
The cries of war to-night !

Ah ! little thought the Britons then,
How, false such friends would grow !
How, leaving them, those treacherous men
Would join the Pictish foe,—
And overrunning all the coast,
Spread war on every side,
Till, crushed by the invading host,
All British freedom died.

SECOND, A.D. 600.

Three times had fifty years flown by,
When, on that self-same strand,
Beneath the balmy summer-sky
There stood a little band,
Who watched, with eager eyes, the while
A ship sailed on towards Thanet's Isle.

The rising sun with golden light
Lit up a peaceful scene,
Shone on old Richboro's Castle height,
And marshy meadows green,—
It glimmered on the winding Stour,
And showed the distant Frankish shore.

At break of day, a tiny speck
Appeared the longed-for ship,
But now they clearly see on deck
The preacher, from whose lip
The Gospel truths shall freely flow,
Heard with delight by high and low.

Then, thronging to the sandy shore,
With kindly words they greet
This Prelate of the days of yore,
Now landing at Ebbsfleet,—
And hark ! a hymn of joy they raise,
Where rolled the battle in old days.

From a far distant land he came,
And simple precepts taught ;
Yet to all time Augustine's name,
And the good work he wrought,
Remain in Cantaur's noble pile,
Its vaulted roof and sounding aisle.

While those who landed in their pride,
That ruthless, godless horde,
Who spread dismay on every side,
With rapine, fire, and sword,—
Even their names have passed away,
Forgotten and despised are they.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

ANGRY and red in the flushing West,
The setting sun went down to his rest,
And the billows broke with a sullen roar,
As they dashed in foam on the rocky shore.

The night came on ; but no friendly light
Shone out in the darkness clear and bright ;
The thunder pealed from the murky sky,
And the forkèd lightnings flashed on high ;

And many a lonely fisherman's wife
Shuddered and prayed for her husband's life ;
And many a child, at his mother's knee,
Pleaded for those on the stormy sea.

The gale grew fiercer, and all night long
The rain poured down, and the wind blew strong ;
And a ship was forced near the perilous shore,
Where many another had foundered before !

And, wildly driven about and tost,
The crew gave up themselves for lost,—
While the minute-gun, with hollow sound,
Roused all who dwelt in the country round.

And crowds stood there with bated breath,
As the ship drove on to certain death :—
To death ! Ah, must these poor men die
In sight of land ? Is no help nigh ?

Yes ; though the breakers be their grave,
The rescuers will make an effort to save,
And the Life-boat is mann'd by a gallant band,
Trusty in heart and steady of hand.

They are leaving behind them wife and child,
And are launch'd on the ocean deep and wild,
But they know that God keeps watch over all,
And gladly go forward at Duty's call !

And many a moment do those on shore
Fear they are lost, and all is o'er ;
For often as over the billows they ride,
So oft are they hid in the whirling tide.

And now they have near'd the sinking ship,
And a cry breaks forth from every lip,—
A cry of joy, for they see that a rope
Is thrown, and fear gives place to hope !

Then, while a man remains on deck,
The boat clings close to the shattered wreck,
Till dragged from the billows, one by one,
The drowning are saved and the duty is done.

Saved just in time; for hard on a rock
The good ship drives, and then, with the shock,
Sinks slowly down on the ocean's bed,
Till only the topmast is left overhead !

And back again, through the foaming sea,
The rescuers pull right heartily ;
And those on shore, with a thrilling cheer,
Welcome the Life-boat fast coming near.

And, oh ! but it was a heart-touching sight,
In the dim, uncertain morning light,
To see that noble, devoted band,
Bringing the rescued safe to land.

And long as Old England's cliffs endure,
Long as the waves beat wild on her shore,
May hearts be willing and hands be staunch
The Life-boat into the storm to launch !

THE FOUNDERED SHIP.

A STATELY ship, long months ago,
Sailed from Old England's shore ;
Alas ! the men who thronged her so,
Will see those cliffs no more ;
And friends at home long time will weep
Their loved ones buried in the deep.

She sailed,—the winter winds blew cold,
But every heart beat high ;
And hundreds left us, young and old,
A new West world to try ;
Their hopes were set across that sea
Too soon their mighty grave to be.

For o'er the land, when weeks have fled,
A dreadful rumour flies,
And anxious friends bewail the dead
With many bitter cries,—
“ All, all are lost ! ” like funeral knell
The accents of those tidings fell.

We know not how the summons came
That sent them to their grave,
We know not whether storm or flame
Plunged them beneath the wave,
Or if the iceberg's chilly breath
Gave warning of approaching death.

We know not—we can never know
The scenes that happened there ;
We can but trust that in their woe
To God they raised the prayer,
That He would them in mercy take
Safe to Himself, for Jesu's sake.

PRAYER.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 *Thess.* v. 17.

WHEN the cheerful morn is breaking,
From thy slumbers calmly waking,
Kneel and pray ;
When thy heart is filled with gladness,
Or thy head bowed down in sadness,
Kneel and pray.

When no earthly friends are near thee,
And no kindly voices cheer thee,
Kneel and pray ;
When thou thinkest of the morrow,
Dreading it may bring thee sorrow,
Kneel and pray.

When the way seems dark and dreary,
And with fighting thou art weary,
Kneel and pray ;

When temptations come and try thee,
And no refuge seemeth nigh thee,
Kneel and pray.

When upon a sick bed lying,
Those you fondly love are dying,
Kneel and pray ;
When the night is closing round thee,
For the mercies which surround thee,
Kneel and pray.

WAITING FOR LIGHT.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know
hereafter."—*St. John xiii. 7.*

As the hours of life flit by
Clouds will oft obscure the sky,
Turning into sorrow's night
The day that rose so clear and bright.

Then, be still, and calmly rest ;
All thy trials shall be blest ;
God, who watches from above,
Sends them all to us in love.

Yes, in love ; for well He knows
Our temptations and our woes ;
He has borne our griefs and cares,
And all our joy and sorrow shares.

And though now we cannot see
What His purposes may be,
And the way seems dark and drear
As we toil and labour here,

One day we shall see and know
All was ordered here below,
And joy and sorrow both were given
To fit us for our rest in Heaven.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

Lo a tempest fills the sky,
Day is quickly turned to night,
Art thou fearful? look on high,
See a rainbow clear and bright!
Bow of promise, this fair shore
The flood shall cover never more,

Clouds will overcast our life,
Some days will seem dark and chill,
Look above this petty strife
See a rainbow o'er thee still;
Bow of comfort sent to show
God takes care of us below.

Sorrow comes, and many fears
Fill our minds with anxious dread,
Look beyond this vale of tears,
See the rainbow overhead;
Bow of hope, it seems to say
Soon thy griefs shall pass away.

Years go on, and death draws nigh,
Soon the portal must be passed,
Though black clouds obscure the sky
The rainbow shineth to the last,
Bow of blessing and of love
Sent to herald us above.

CHANGE.

AUTUMN leaves around are falling
With the dying year,
And in whispered voice are calling
"All is changing here."

In the green churchyard are lying
Friends we hold so dear,
And the frosty wind is sighing
"All is changing here."

Is there nothing lasting near us
In our earthly lot ?
Yes, these words were sent to cheer us,
"Jesus changeth not."

When our faith is weak, and falters,
And the world seems strange,
There is One who never alters,
Christ can never change !

THE IMMUTABLE.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

GATHER up each fleeting minute,
Work while it is day;
For this world and all things in it
Soon shall pass away.

Verdant plain and lofty mountain,
Sea and cliff and bay,
Flowery field and sparkling fountain,—
All must pass away.

Yea, the moon and stars, that nightly
Shine with silver ray,
And the sun, now blazing brightly,
All must pass away.

Christian, seek not worldly pleasure,
Hear the Saviour say,
"Let your heart be where your treasure
Cannot pass away."

On God's promised Word abiding,
When all things decay,
Safe from harm we rest confiding,
Though earth pass away.

PRAISE.

Give blessing and honour and praise to the Lamb,
Bow down and worship the mighty I Am,
Who for a season His glory laid by,
And for us men was contented to die.

Praise Him, ye angels, who numberless throng
Round His pavilion with harp and with song ;
Praise Him who, once in humility slain,
Rises triumphant to Heaven again.

But chiefly should we our voices upraise,
Though faint are our efforts and feeble our praise,
And thank Him for all His ineffable grace
Which in the kingdom will give us a place.

All glory to God, who gave us His Son,
All glory to Christ, who the ransom hath won ;
Yes, glory and honour and praise to the Lamb,
Bow down and worship the mighty I Am !

SALVATION.

LISTEN to the wondrous story,
How upon the Christmas morn
Jesus left the realms of glory,
As a little child was born ;
Left those bright and happy regions
Of His Father's home above,
And the glorious angel legions,
In His great and boundless love !

Came into a lowly manger,
Dwelt beneath a humble shed,
And among His own, a stranger,
Knew not where to lay his head :
Went from city unto city,
All His life was doing good,
Weeping o'er His friend with pity,
When beside the grave He stood.

Love all human love exceeding
Brought Him to a cruel death;
Even then, though hanging bleeding
On the Cross, His latest breath
Spent He for His murderers praying
To His Father to forgive,—
To the thief repentant saying
“Thou in paradise shalt live!”

Oh! what love in God the Father
To bestow His only Son,—
Oh! what love in Christ, who rather
Than the world should be undone,
Came Himself to seek and save us,
Came to claim us for His own,
Freely all our sins forgave us,
Raised us to His glorious throne!

HOPE.

"Sorrow not as those without hope."—1 *Thess.* iv. 13.

TREAD softly ! underneath this ground,
Free from all care and pain,
The dead await the trumpet's sound
To rise to life again ;
Here lie, until the judgment-hour,
The friends we loved so well,
Beneath the shadow of that tower
Whence tolled their funeral-knell:

But while with tears we laid them down,
And dust to dust returned,
Hope pointed to the glorious crown
Which they by grace had earned ;
It bade us wipe our weeping eyes,
And hush each murmuring word,
And, looking upward to the skies,
Give thanks to Christ the Lord !

Thanks for this blessed hope which sends
Us comfort while we weep,
That, when our dear and loving friends
In this world fell asleep,
They joined a radiant, joyful throng
In the bright realms above,
Who raise a never-ending song
Of blessing, praise, and love !

THANKFULNESS.

For all that God in mercy sends,
For health and children, home and friends,
For comforts in the time of need,
For every kindly word or deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk ;
 In everything give thanks.

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood ;
 In everything give thanks.

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky ;
For these and everything we see
O ! Lord, our hearts we lift to Thee ;
In everything give thanks..

MORNING THOUGHTS

I LAID me down in peace, in peace I slept,
Knowing that God safe watch around me kept ;
And now, well guarded through another night,
Again I hail the cheerful morning light.

Again I rise, and bend the knee to pray
For help and guidance through the coming day,
For safe deliverance from all kinds of ill,
And strength my daily duties to fulfil.

Whatever work I find to do this day,
Whatever thoughts I think, or words I say,
May I do all as doing it to Thee,
Remembering Thou, O Saviour, seest me !

Thus, day by day, protected by Thy might,
May I go on, and when at last the night
Of life draws nigh, and all my wanderings cease,
May I lie down to rest in perfect peace !

DILIGENCE.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—*Gal. vi. 9.*

Be not weary, the way may be long,
The path uphill, the conflict strong ;
For He who giveth thee work to do
Will give thee strength sufficient too.

Be not weary, but scatter around
The seeds of truth on every ground,
And in thy mind this promise keep,
"If we faint not we shall reap."

Be not weary, but do thy best,
And to thy God leave all the rest ;
Then in His own good time will He
Give a blessed reward to thee.

Be not weary, the race must be run,—
No loitering here, there is work to be done ;
The course is open before our eyes,
The goal is Heav'n, a crown the prize.

MERCY.

GRACIOUSLY O Lord most High !
Bend on me Thy pitying eye,
And listen to Thy servant's cry,
Have mercy, Lord, on me !

Wash me from all stain of sin,
Make me pure and clean within,
That new life I may begin :
Have mercy, Lord, on me !

Keep me from all kinds of ill,
With Thy Holy Spirit fill,
And in Thy bounteous goodness still
Have mercy, Lord, on me !

As I pass upon my way,
Kept by Thee from day to day,
Ever teach me thus to pray,
Have mercy, Lord, on me !

So, till my life on earth is o'er,
And, freed from sin for evermore,
I stand upon the heavenly shore,
Have mercy, Lord, on me !

THE FAITHFUL GUIDE.

WHEN thou passest through the river,
When the floods are rising high,
Be not faithless,—Christ is ever
Ready at His people's cry ;
Hear Him saying at thy side,
“ Fear not,—I will be thy guide.”

When thou walkest through the fire
It shall not have power to harm,
Christ is ever drawing nigher,
Trust to His Almighty arm ;
Hear Him saying at thy side,
“ Fear not,—I will be thy guide.”

When the storms of life o'ertake thee,
And the winds and waves arise,
Christ alone will ne'er forsake thee,
He will count thy tears and sighs ;
Hear Him saying at thy side,
“ Fear not,—I will be thy guide.”

In affliction's lonely hour
When all earthly comforts flee,
Christ with His Almighty power
Will sustain and strengthen thee ;
Hear Him saying at thy side,
“ Fear not,—I will be thy guide.”

When temptations dire assail thee,
Almost more than thou can'st bear,
There is One will never fail thee,—
God will listen to thy prayer ;
Hear Him saying at thy side,
“ Fear not,—I will be thy guide.”

REGRETS.

ALL too soon have fled the hours
Of the glorious summer-day,
All too soon the lovely flowers
Fade and fall into decay ;
All too soon, spring's promise ending,
Brought fresh verdure on the land,
All too soon the fruit-trees bending
Gave their rich store to our hand.

All too soon our life is speeding,
Days and years too quickly fly,
And we move on, scarcely heeding
How the fleeting hours die ;
All too soon the friends we cherish
To a brighter world have flown,
All too soon our best hopes perish
And we wander here alone.

All too soon ? No !—God's own finger
Beckon'd them from earth away ;
When He called they might not linger,
Raised to realms of endless day :
AH too soon ? Nay,—for He knoweth
What is best for each below,
In His own good time He showeth
Us the path we all must go.

All too soon ? Nay,—hush thy grieving,
Many pleasures too are thine,
Live and work, till, this world leaving,
Thou may'st go and not repine ;
Hoping for the glorious token
Of a Saviour's love to thee,
And to hear the good word spoken,
“ Thou wast faithful unto Me.”

ALONE !

THE sun on the ivied tower
Shed its last rosy gleam,
As alone, at the evening hour,
I stood by the rippling stream,
And thoughts came rushing o'er me,
The thoughts of long ago,
When the world was all before me,
And life had a golden glow !

It was here in my childish hours
I dreamed my days away,
When my path was strewn with flowers
And I was always gay ;
It was here in life's young dawning
We wandered side by side,
And here on a summer morning
She promised to be my bride.

The stream flows on for ever
And no one heeds my pain ;
Alas ! I know that never
We two shall meet again :
In early youth we parted,
And many years have flown,
Yet still quite broken-hearted
I stand here all alone !

NEVER AGAIN!

NEVER again ! how slowly, sadly,
On mine ear these two words fall.
Never again ! and yet how gladly
Would we childish days recall :
Never again ! shall we together
Ramble over moorland fells ;
Never again ! shall the purple heather
Ring out for us her fairy bells.

Never again ! by the streamlet wander,
Under the moonlit summer sky ;
Never again ! shall we musing ponder
Over those glorious worlds on high ;
Never again ! in twilight roaming,
Stand by the shore of the ebbing sea ;
Never again ! in the golden gloaming,
Talk of things which were yet to be.

Never again ! our lives are parted,
All our beautiful dreams are o'er ;
Never again ! shall we light-hearted
Laugh as we did in days of yore ;
Never again ! but, unforgetful,
Memory ever repeats the strain ;
Never again ! and, still regretful,
Echo answers, Never again !

*ON THE EMPRESS EUGENIE VISITING
THE PARIS HOSPITALS, IN 1864.*

From room to room, with Queenly grace
And kindly words she moved,
While sorrow, written in her face,
Love for her people proved.

For them, without a thought of fear,
She left her palace bright,
And sought the fainting heart to cheer,
When others fled in fright.

She knelt beside the dying bed,
To join the parting prayer,
And, bending o'er the drooping head,
Spoke words of comfort there.

Nobly the Empress did her part
In that dark time of woe,
And long from every loyal heart
Shall blessings on her flow.

So, gladdened by her people's love,
Thrice happy may she live,
Till the Great King who reigns above,
A brighter crown shall give !

FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

FOR MUSIC.

I WILL be faithful, love, faithful to you,
Ever while life shall last, faithful and true ;
Peaceful and calm may our days glide along,
Bright with heart sunshine, and joyous with
song,
With deep affection nerved and made strong,
I will be faithful, love, faithful and true !

I will be faithful, love, faithful to you,
Though the world part us, love, faithful and true ;
Troubles may come to us, dangers assail,
Fears may arise too, and courage may fail,
Foes try and tempt, but they shall not prevail,
I will be faithful, love, faithful and true !

I will be faithful, love, faithful to you,
Should the grave sever us, faithful and true;
Yes, though unerring Death's terrible dart,
Take thee away from my desolate heart,
Waiting the summons to go where thou art,
I will be faithful, love, faithful and true !

THE BELLS !

TOLL out, O Bells ! for the year just dead,
With its hopes, its joys, its sorrows now fled,
The tree with its flowers and leaves all shed,
Toll out, O Bells !

Peal out, O Bells ! on the winter night,
Peal out a melody clear and bright,
A joyous pæan, our hearts to delight,
Peal out, O Bells !

Chime out, O Bells ! chime out and raise
High to the heavens your notes of praise,
A foretaste of brighter and happier days,
Chime out, O Bells !

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

I wish you many happy years,
Free from sorrow, pain, and tears,
Yours be days of calm delight,
Unclouded by dark shades of night;
Many sunny blissful hours
Strew your daily path with flowers,—
Cares and duties then shall be
Lightly felt and borne by thee.

May you have a happy life
As a maiden or a wife;
Contented with your earthly lot,
While the peace that passeth not
Fills you with all joy and love
Till you join the saints above,
Thus to you may grace be given,
Blessings here, and rest in Heaven.

THE CONVERSION OF KING EDWIN.

KING Edwin sat in his Castle-hall,
Twelve hundred years ago ;
He had no traitor within the wall,
And he feared no foreign foe ;
Yet his face was weary and full of care,
And bent was his thoughtful brow,
As if the weight he had to bear
Had overpowered him now.

His realm was broad and fair to view,
With valleys, woods, and rills,
Wild moorlands, and calm waters blue
Nestling among the hills ;
From Humber away to the Firth of Forth
All people owned his sway ;
Yet this fair kingdom of the North
In heathen darkness lay.

The news had to the King been brought,
That from a southern shore
A stranger came, and that he taught
A faith unknown before :
And therefore was it that he looked sad,
And filled with gloomy doubt ;
And straight his messengers he bade
Call all his people out.

They met upon a lofty hill,
All in those days of eld ;
(Though long ago, men point out still
Where this debate was held) ;
Long time they talked, and loud and fast
Opposed with might and main
Each scald and priest ; until at last
Uprose a worthy Thane ;

And thus he spake—" When thou, O King !
Wert supping one cold night,
A little sparrow on swift wing
Came into the warmth and light,
A moment stayed, then fled away
Into the frosty air ;
From whence it came, we cannot say,
It went, we know not where :

“ And is not this the case with men
Here in this world below ?
We come and stay awhile, and then
We know not where we go :
It is all dark ; but if indeed
This man can new things preach,
Oh, let us to his words give heed,
And hear what he will teach.”

He ceased, and then replied the King—

“ Thy words are wise ; go thou,
O worthy Thane, and quickly bring
This man before me now.”

He came—a simple, aged man,
With purpose high and good ;
Among that fierce and heathen clan,
Fearless, alone he stood.

And then he told, in accents mild,
That story loved so well,
How the great God became a child,
With men on earth to dwell ;
And how, betrayed by His own friend,
His precious life He gave,
And died, that our life should not end,
But last beyond the grave.

He told them of that Heaven above,
Where, freed from this world's care,
They too might dwell in peace and love,
The bliss of saints to share.
And God so blessed His holy word,
Spoken in love and power,
That King and people, all who heard,
Were converts from that hour.

And so this dark, benighted land
Received the light of day,
That as a beacon she might stand
In ages far away ;
And still are seen the Minsters twain,*
Pointing their spires on high,
Which King and people, priest and Thane,
Founded in days gone by.

* Beverley and York.

THE CHIEF'S LAST RIDE.

Suggested by a Picture in the Royal Academy some years ago.

Drest in their wampum and best array
The warriors gather at close of day,
Each wigwam gives its boldest son,
As in their war-paint, one by one,
They join the chief in his last dread ride
Over the prairie vast and wide:
On with galloping stately tread
Away, away they go with the dead!—
Yes! he who sits the centre horse
Is only a breathless, senseless corse.

His brothers, one upon either side,
The veteran chief's grey charger guide,
The charger which had borne him well
On earth, and now with him should dwell
Where in the happy hunting-ground,
The hunter's joy is ever found!

In silence they ride through the summer night,
While the moon shines down on them clear and
 bright,
Until in the distance the goal is seen,
That bold bluff rising from seas of green,
Which, dark and horrid, goes down sheer
A thousand feet to a stagnant mere !
So on they go, in that terrible race,
Faster and faster becomes the pace,
Till—over the precipice, yawning black,
One steed leaps wildly,—the rest shrink back !
A shudder, a quiver, a neigh of despair,
And all again is silence there !

METEORS.

November 14th, 1866.

In the still solemn hours of night,
When stars shine forth on high,
What myriad messengers of light
Flashed countless through the sky.

Oh ! say, bright globes, where is your home ?
Whence comes this vast array ?
And whither do you onward roam
As quick you pass away ?

Are ye for ever circling near
A great and glorious Sun ?
And do ye always reappear
When years their course have run ?

Are ye the fragments of a world,
Once pure and fair, in space,
Which for some awful crime was hurled
Out of its primal place ?

We cannot solve that problem now,
We see not face to face ;
But when before His Throne we bow,
Who saved us by His grace,—

When in the realms of perfect day
Our weary wanderings cease,
Then all our doubts shall flee away,
Our troubled minds find peace.

Then we shall feel, and know, and see
How ignorant is man,
And learn, through all eternity,
Our great Creator's plan.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

TOLL the bell ! the year is dead,—
Peace to its ashes be ;
Let only the blessings so lovingly shed,
And only the kindly words that were said,
Remain in our memory !

Let feuds die out with the passing year,
And all in friendship live ;
Better it is to be peaceable here,
Than wait in continual dread and fear,
So let us forget and forgive !

Merrily, merrily ring the bells,
And, from their tower on high,
Hark ! how loudly the music swells,
As to the listeners round it tells
The glad New Year is nigh.

The year comes swiftly, on silent wings,
Laden with joy and woe ;
But this we know, that whatever things
May happen here, the King of kings
Has willed it shall be so !

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

LORD, look upon a little child,
And teach me how to pray ;
Make me obedient, gentle, mild,
And lead me day by day.

Keep me from every sort of harm,
From every thought of ill,
Protect me with Thy guiding arm,
And make me do Thy will.

So as I grow up, year by year,
May I increase in grace,
That, when my work is finished here,
I may behold Thy face.

Lord, without Thee I could not live,
Without Thee fear to die,
Oh ! then Thy blessed Spirit give
When my last hour draws nigh !

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

"I'm going home to God."—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Going home, the warfare ending,
In a calm and happy rest ;
Going home, to bliss ascending,
And the dwellings of the blest ;

Going home, the pilgrim laden
With the weight of many years ;
Going home, the little maiden,
Child of many hopes and fears ;

Going home, the infant sleeping
Sweetly on the mother's knee ;
Going home, the schoolboy keeping
Holiday with youthful glee ;

Going home, the strong man weary
With the burden of the day ;
Going home, the weak, whose dreary
Life in pain has passed away ;

Going home, when Christ shall call us,
By the pathway He has trod,
Death itself shall not appal us
Since we're "going home to God !"

*ON THE DEATH OF THREE LITTLE
CHILDREN.*

" And she answered, It is well."—2 *Kings* iv. 26.

Yes! it is well; from a world of strife
Calmly they passed away,
Far from this weary and restless life,
To realms of perfect day!

Father and mother, thy children live!
Still may you call them 'mine,'
They are only gone to One who will give
A fuller love than thine.

They have passed away in early years,
Are freed from sin and pain,
And though we mourn them with bitter
tears,
Can we wish them back again?

No ! for God knoweth what is best ;
So in His boundless love
He took these infants to His rest,
In the bright world above !

Think of them happy in Heaven now,
Joining the Angel throng,
With spotless robe and glory-crown'd brow,
And never-ending song !

Take comfort ; look for that joyful time
When you shall join them there,
And in those blessed courts sublime
Their bliss for ever share !

THE DEAD.

SUGGESTED BY THE EXPRESSION "POOR," SO OFTEN USED
WHEN SPEAKING OF DEPARTED FRIENDS.

THEY have fought the good fight,
The last conflict is won,—
And in mansions of light
They shall shine as the sun ;
Though hard was the strife,
It is over and past,—
They have entered the life
Which for ever shall last ;
Oh ! call them not "poor."

This world has its pleasures,
Yet none can compare
With the heavenly treasures
Laid up for us *there*,—

Where the friends whom with weeping
We leave to their rest,
For ever are keeping
A feast with the blest ;
Oh ! call them not “ poor.”

They are rich, they are glad,
Free from sorrow and pain,—
The poor and the sad
Are we who remain ;
Pity us, that are left,
With life's troubles opprest,
And of dear ones bereft ;—
But the loved who now rest,
Oh ! call them not “ poor.”

AN INCIDENT ON BOARD THE 'LONDON.'

FIERCE raged the storm, on every side
The waves dashed high, and far and wide
As eye could see, no help is nigh ;
The ship must sink, and they must die.
Oh ! who can paint with feeble pen
Their agony and terror then ;
Nor how resigned at last, and brave
They calmly faced that yawning grave !

A mother looked upon her boy—
He was her only one ; her joy
Had been to think his father's eye
So soon would see him,—must he die ?
(That father, for a foreign shore,
Had left Old England long before,
And now to his Australian home
He gladly bids his loved ones come.
Alas ! they never more shall meet
Till standing at the mercy-seat !)

And as she wept with terror wild,
Quite calmly spoke that little child :
“ Mother, mother, weep not so,
We shall to the Angels go ;
Think how glorious it will be
All those Holy Ones to see.”
And now upon the Heavenly shore
He stands, his short life quickly o'er ;
He sees the Angels round him throng,
And joins the never-ending song
Of praise to God, whose mercy blest
Mother and child with perfect rest !

BURIED AT SEA.

FAR, far away from friends and home,
The last great summons came,
And underneath the surging foam,
O'er which in life he loved to roam,
Uncoffined and without a name,
They left him to his rest :
Left him, what time the evening-gun,
Booming across the wave,
Told that another day was done,—
Fit hour for him, whose race was run,
To sink into his mighty grave
Beneath the glowing West !

To wait, until the trumpet's sound
Awaken all the dead,
Then, if the soul be perfect found,
What matter, whether sea or ground
Received the weary pilgrim's head,
From care and trouble free ?

Oh ! better far than Abbey high,
Better than sculptur'd stone,
Away from haunts of men to lie ;
For funeral-pall the golden sky,
For knell the wind's unceasing moan,
For monument, the sea !

THE BELL-BUOY.

For ever unceasingly ringing,
For ever unceasingly swinging,
To and fro from side to side,
Swayed by the ever-hurrying tide,
Loudly clanging when storms are high,
Telling the mariner danger is nigh,
So, thou doest thy duty well,
By night and day, O faithful Bell !

Softly borne on the summer breeze,
Wafted over the moonlit seas,
Comes a sound of music stealing,
Like the church-bells faintly pealing,
Calling all who hear to prayer
For the loved ones buried there,
As with ceaseless tone the Bell
Rises and falls with ocean's swell !

So, a requiem for the dead,
Daily, hourly is said ;
While the waves, which evermore
Break upon the rocky shore,
Toss upon their foaming crests,
In a world which never rests,
To and fro the warning Bell
Tolling out a funeral-knell !

THE WOLF-ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

WHERE the wild Atlantic surges
Break upon the Cornish shore,
Ringing out their solemn dirges
With a sullen, hollow roar ;

There where Lyonesse lies hidden
Far below our mortal gaze,
Land of song, where knights have ridden
In King Arthur's golden days ;

Out, where foaming billows eddy
Round and round with horrid shock,
Huge, and black, and stern, and steady
Rises up the dread Wolf-rock !

Many a vessel there is lying
Fathoms deep below the wave,
And the winds are sobbing, sighing
O'er the seaman's nameless grave.

Slowly, surely, hour by hour,
Men have laboured, not in vain,
Till at last a stately tower
Rises proudly o'er the main.

Seven long years, with patience toiling,
Worked that resolute small band,
Undeterred by fierce waves spoiling
Oft the labours of their hand.

And where once destruction lurking
Found an easy, ready prey,
Now the lighthouse men are working,
Keeping up a steady ray ;

And when ships are homeward steering,
Joyfully they hail the light,
Which, with beam so calm and cheering,
Pierces through the darkest night.

CORNISH DARING.

LAND of Arthur ! famed in story
For your giant sons of old ;
Never were their deeds of glory
Better than could now be told.

True, there is no need for fighting,—
No fair damsels in distress ;
All the ills which want such righting
Are gone down with Lyonesse !

But now Cornish lads are ready
As they were in days of yore ;
Eyes as quick, and hands as steady,
As the Knights long gone before.

When the storm is raging madly,
“ Man the life-boat ! ” is the cry ;
And they come forth, bravely, gladly,
“ One and all,” to win or die !

As of old, in time of danger,
Ever foremost in the van ;
Fear is to their hearts a stranger,
While they do the best they can.

And though often unrecorded
Are these deeds of true renown ;
They shall not be unrewarded,—
God shall give the victor's crown.

COUNTRY PICTURES.

How pleasant in the merry May
Among the shady trees to stray,
 When all is calm and still !
To linger in the groves and vales,
And listen while the nightingales
 Melodiously trill.

Between the green and ferny banks,
And sedges rising ranks on ranks,
 The river rushes out ;
And here the angler takes his stand,
With eager eye and rod in hand,
 To catch the spotted trout.

The cawing rooks upon the trees
Are settling down ; and on the breeze
 Is borne the tinkling sound
Of distant sheep-bells, as the flocks,
By collies guarded from the fox,
 Nibble the thymy ground.

No hum of labour meets the ear,
And only rural sounds are near—
 The day draws to its close ;
The wearied children seek their beds,
The flowers hang their drooping heads—
 All nature takes repose.

Behind the hills the setting sun
Is slowly sinking ; one by one
 Each little star appears,—
The twilight fades, and darkness soon
Reigns over all ; and then the moon
 Her silver circle rears.

Half hidden by the mosses damp,
The glow-worm lights her tiny lamp,
 Her wandering mate to greet ;
The owl and eve-jar, birds of night,
Begin their swift and noisy flight,
 And leave their dim retreat.

All these are sights and scenes which we,
The dwellers in the country, see
 On every summer night ;
And, loving Nature, and, yet more,
The God who giveth such rich store,
 View all with fresh delight.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

QUICKLY the months their course have run,
Their end is drawing near,
To-morrow, with the rising sun,
We hail another year.

Then memories throng in thick and fast,
And ere we start anew
Upon life's race, the year just past
We thankfully review.

How many mercies have been shed
Upon us day by day !
How wisely have our steps been led
Along life's narrow way !

And for the year we now begin,
We pray Thee, Lord, to guide
Us safely from the paths of sin,
And keep us by Thy side.

Through all the months now drawing nigh,
May daily grace be given,
And when Thou callest us to die
Grant us a place in Heaven !

OUTWARD BOUND.

SLOWLY dropping with the tide
Down the ebbing river,
Silently away they glide,
And are gone for ever.

The last farewells are spoken now,
And friends have all departed,
And, leaning by the vessel's bow,
They feel quite broken-hearted.

Old men are there and merry boys,
The husband, child, and wife ;
And hopes and sorrows, fears and joys,
In every breast are rife.

They sorrow much to leave this land—
The land they love so well ;
But still they go, a hopeful band,
In distant climes to dwell.

The sunset over all has cast
A bright and golden glow,
Tipping the snow-white sails and masts
With radiance as they go.

The land is fading fast from sight,
And, ere another day
Chases the gloomy shades of night,
They will be far away.

For many days, far o'er the sea,
Their stormy course will lie,
And may their Guide and Guardian be
The God who dwells on high.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Up the Channel, with all sails set,
The ship rides proudly on ;
The billows around her foam and fret,
As she moves like a stately swan.

The sun has just risen, and tipped with gold
Old Albion's sea-girt land,
And there on the deck crowd young and old,
A breathless, eager band.

The voyage and dangers over at last,
The land lies full in view,
And memories rush on thick and fast,
Of bright or dusky hue.

To those who back to England come
After a length of years,
The joy they feel at returning home
Is mingled with many tears.

They know that now it will not seem
Like the home of their early youth,
When life to them was a beautiful dream—
A fancy dream of truth.

The house, perchance, may yet remain,
But not one friendly face
To welcome the wanderer back again
To the well-remembered place.

Where are they all ? Some lie at rest,
And some to distant lands—
The torrid East, or prairied West,
Have gone in pilgrim bands.

Still it is joy on English ground
Again alive to stand,
And one old friend may yet be found
To clasp them by the hand ;

To talk o'er all the merry times
When in their youth they played,
Rejoicing at the Christmas mimes,
Or in the forest strayed.

But the young—oh ! they feel none of this—
All scenes are new and strange ;
They think it the height of human bliss
About the world to range.

They joyfully hail the wave-washed shore
With a cheer that rings afar,
Startling the gulls that above them soar
Back to their craggy scar !

So up the Channel, with all sails set,
The good ship onward glides,
Heedless alike of joy or regret
She dashes the spray from her sides.

*WHITSAND BAY.**Hear the Land's End.*

OVER miles of hill and moor,
On a clear bright wintry day,
Came we to this furthest shore,
And looked down on Whitsand Bay.

Sea-girt cliffs there proudly stand—
Grim old sentinels seemed they,
Guarding good King Arthur's land
From his foes at Whitsand Bay.

Long green waves came rolling in,
Tossing high the glittering spray,
Breaking with a noisy din
On the shore at Whitsand Bay.

Sea-birds floated in the air,
Children sported there, at play,
All was calm and fresh and fair,
Looking down on Whitsand Bay.

Ah ! the hours have fled too fast,
We must hie us far away,
But a memory of the past
Is this glimpse of Whitsand Bay.

THE FISHER-GIRL'S LAMENT.

My love, my love ! I make my moan
To sea, and earth, and sky,
As I wander forth alone, alone,
And think of the days gone by.

My love, my love ! oh ! I was sad,
Though all around me smiled,
And parting cheers rang gay and glad
While *I* wept like a child.

My love, my love ! the autumn day
Shone out so clear and bright !
When swiftly, swiftly sailed away
The ship with my heart's delight.

My love, my love ! ah, never more
Shall I hear thy voice so dear,
Thou wilt never tread thy native shore,
I shall never greet thee here !

My love, my love ! thou art lost to me,
On earth we meet no more,
Thy grave is the deep and foaming sea,
Thy knell the wild waves' roar.

My love, my love ! I have waited long,
Will the angel-voices come
To bid me join their joyful song,
And enter their blessed home ?

My love, my love ! yes, we shall meet
Where storms for ever cease !
Oh ! happy will be my weary feet
To rest in that realm of peace.

HILL-TOP THOUGHTS.

OFTEN on St. Martha's* sitting,
On a glorious summer-day,
While the swallows round me flitting
Glittered in the sun's bright ray,
I have thought how little know we
Of what passes all around,—
There the country lies below me,
And I cannot hear a sound.

But I know that joy and sorrow,
All the cares of human life,
Poverty which dreads the morrow,
Health and sickness, peace and strife,—
All are there, though closely hidden
In the houses, great and small,
For these woes and joys unbidden
Come alike to one and all.

* Near Albury, Surrey.

And as I to-day sit gazing,
Nothing mars the lovely scene ;
Oh ! what love and skill amazing
Spread abroad this glorious sheen !
All this beauty sent to gladden,
And the sons of toil to cheer,
Who would else have much to sadden
As they work and labour here.

Often, too, my thoughts will wander
Back into the misty past,
And while here, I, musing, ponder,
Lift the veil which time has cast,
Here, perchance, in bygone ages,
Heroes died and martyrs bled,
And unknown, forgotten sages,
May lie numbered with the dead.

For there is a chapel standing
On the summit of the hill,
All the country round commanding—
Wood and valley, pond and rill ;
Here on each returning Sunday
Come the villagers to prayer,
Here, too, many of them one day
Shall lie resting free from care.

No one knoweth now the story
Why this ancient church was built—
Whether saints went here to glory,
Or to expiate some guilt ;
But so long as men are living,
And its tower points on high,
May God's Word, the true life-giving,
Lead our hopes above the sky. •

SNOWDROPS.

WHEN all around is dark and still,
Beneath a wintry sky,
The snowdrops come our hearts to thrill,
And lead our thoughts on high.

Their tiny bells of virgin white
Above the ground appear,
And, gladdened by the pleasant sight,
We know that Spring is near.

Then Nature, from her lengthened sleep
Opens her smiling eyes,
And songs and praises, loud and deep,
From all creation rise.

They lead our thoughts to think on those
Whose life on earth is o'er,
Who now beneath the grass repose—
“Not lost, but gone before.”

For though so long in seeming death
 These flowerets hidden lie,
They only wait the first warm breath
 Of Spring that passes by—

To cover with a carpet white
 The wood or mossy glen,
And make the lawns and borders bright
 About the homes of men.

And as the sunny days of Spring
 Wake up each blooming flower,
So we shall rise on angel's wing,
 In God's own chosen hour.

Thus if it lead our thoughts to Heaven,
 Where risen spirits dwell,
A holy lesson has been given
 By this sweet lowly bell.

A SEA-SIDE EVENING.

CALMLY beneath the summer-sky
The waves are rippling in the bay,
And nothing but the sea-mews' cry
Disturbs the silent close of day.

The fishing-boats with snowy sails,
Like folded wings seem half asleep,
As, waiting for the favouring gales,
They idly rock upon the deep.

And quietly the setting sun,
Now sinking in the crimson west,
Proclaims another day is done,
And night descending bids us rest.

IN THE SPANISH MAIN.

1588.

ALL night tremendous blew the blast,
The sea ran mountains high,
The captain stood hard by the mast
With calm and steady eye ;
Upon his cheek no sign of dread,
His Bible in his hand,
“ Courage, my lads, courage !” he said,
“ We are safe on sea as on land !”

The watchman of the fleet at dawn
Looked round him with affright,—
One of those gallant ships, down drawn,
Had vanished out of sight !
Yes, buried deep below the wave,
Lay all that noble band,
Whose leader’s words such courage gave :
“ We are safe on sea as on land.”

Yes, safe ; for though God's providence
Took them from earth away,
We trust they passed from darkness hence
To realms of brighter day ;
Straight from the stormy Spanish Main,
To gain the heavenly strand ;
And find the boasting not in vain,
“ We are safe on sea as on land ! ”

Oh ! many daring deeds has Fame
Recorded in her scroll,
And good Sir Humphrey Gilbert's name
Shall live while waters roll,—
Who, ever foremost in the fight,
The boldest in command,
Could say, e'en in the darkest night,
“ We are safe on sea as on land ! ”

And now, whenever on the seas
We or our comrades go,
This thought should always give us ease,
God orders all below.
So, when the tempests rage and roar,
Undaunted may we stand,
In this belief and hope secure,
“ We are safe on sea as on land ! ”

A FRAGMENT.

Look out, look out, this Autumn night,
Look over the deep with me ;
To where afar, like a silver star,
The lighthouse, beaming clear and bright,
Sheds over the waves its cheering light,
Burning so steadily :
And ere you seek your pillow, pray
For the weal of those who far away
Sail over the foaming sea.

NEVER REGRET.

THE past is gone for ever,
We cannot bring it back ;
We journey on, but never
Return upon our track.

Then cease thy vain regretting
"It might have been," for so,
Thou murmurest, forgetting
God orders all below.

Pass not thy days repining,
Thy head with trouble bowed ;
Look for the 'silver lining,'
Bright'ning the darkest cloud.

Anticipate not sorrow,
Walk with a cheerful heart,
And God shall with the morrow
The needed strength impart.

KNITTING.

Am I only idly knitting
By the fireside to-day ?
No, perchance my thoughts are flitting
To poetic realms away,—
And with every thread I twine
Comes a stanza or a line.

While the finer fancies flowing
Fill my mind with pure delight,
See the work is quickly growing
As I ply the needles bright,
And this ball of coloured wool
Is with many verses full.

Yes, we women have a treasure
Quite unknown to sterner men,
When we find an equal pleasure
In the needle and the pen ;
And the brain-forced finger weaves
Tasty work and golden leaves.

Tasty work the eyes will gladden,
Golden leaves will touch the heart ;
Power have they to cheer or sadden,
Or a fresher life impart :
Go, my leaves, upon your way,
Do the utmost good you may.

FINIS.

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CHRISTIAN BOOK SOCIETY,*

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